

I GAVE UP MY EYES

A. L. Floyd

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I Gave Up My Eyes

By A. L. Floyd

ALMOST daily someone asks me: "How can you be so happy without sight?" As a rule, I end my answer with an illustration from my activities on a golf course. Certainly, if there is great pleasure in successfully swatting the elusive ball while looking at it, how much more complete is the pleasure in swatting it equally well without being able to see it! Sometimes I cite amusing experiences with my peg checkerboard, or picture the thrill that comes with the tinkle of the small bell attached to my float as some overconfident species of the finny tribe tries to make a meal of my minnow. These and dozens of other wholesome recreations are sources of flooding pleasure.

After all, it is only my eyes that are gone, and they are not the home of happiness. In fact, they play a very, very small part in its existence. The seat of happiness is in the brain, and it is unused unless man masters his mind. Happiness must be sought like a drink when one thirsts. Once tasted, it is easy and desirable to drink our fill.

Decades ago, some philosopher said, "Ignorance is bliss." If his theory is unimpeachable, then I am an ignoramus who, in my own realm of gayety, must undoubtedly furnish ample mirth to my friends and associates, including college graduates, by hobnobbing, swapping curves, and batting at fast ones with any of them. Be that as it may, I am happy in my firm refusal to be bothered with such insignificant trifles. I know the status of my life and the plane on which it exists.

OF COURSE, difficult situations arise to remind me that I am not self-sufficient, and that I have more than a fair share of shortcomings. These must be met with the best ability available; and although the outcome of a gamely staged encounter is sometimes adverse to my wishes, I find satisfaction in the realization that my best was all that I could give and anything beyond my best is beyond my power. Mere setbacks are not discouraging. Instead, they sharpen my resolve to conquer. For me, at least, happiness is found in the solution of problems and the accomplishment of ideals which to the sighted may look like blind man's "bluff."

Just around the corner is a business house where friends drop in daily to swap stories, discuss current events (including Joe Penner and his duck), and "elect" presidents. One of these visitors introduced a checkerboard and proceeded to demonstrate the art of formation maneuvering. In my estimation, he quite often carried his games to heartless conclusions by not letting his opponent get a king. I said little, but thought a lot. In my sighted days, I had played a fair game of checkers, so I just naturally ached to mix a few checker traps with him.

A while later I presented myself among the boys with a specially constructed checkerboard under my arm. I made my challenge. Wilson, unaware that I had been practicing for at least two weeks, cocked an eyebrow at my equipment and laughed heartily.

"Sure!" he said, with confidence ringing in his voice. "I'll play you, and give you four kings to start with."

I sat down and meekly refused his offer of the kings, while a silent group stood by awaiting the massacre.

THE checkerboard has half-inch holes bored in the center of each black space, and the checkers are pegs made to slip into the holes. This makes it possible for me to feel the men without moving them. The upper section of half the pegs is round, while the other half have square uppers. What they did not know was this: While my fingers were passing over the board, a mental picture of the entire set-up was being studied with extreme concentration.

At first, Wilson played loosely; but when he found himself with fewer men left on the board than I, he was drumming the board with his fingers. Gasps of surprise were escaping the onlookers. A mighty roar went up as I moved a man out to be jumped, then another and another. He had been forced into a scattered trap which netted me four of his men and ended the game.

We played four games that icy afternoon. He won one, and one was a draw. Wilson had underestimated the accuracy of mental pictures. This is further proved when I tell you that I am only a fair checker player.

There are many people who can beat me at checkers, but there is none who derives more pleasure from giving his best to the game. When I go down in defeat, it is not because I am blind. An alibi of that type for defeat would be unfair to myself as well as to my opponent, for I desire to recognize no handicap. I too see the different formations, even though it is necessary for me to look through my finger tips.

In another game, while fingering around, I made the startling discovery that my opponent had moved two men at once. I called his attention to it, and was my face red when the onlookers burst into hilarious

It might have been just coincidence, but the day after he made that statement, my wife called my attention to my hatband. Something had burst it.

That friend's volunteer statement is particularly interesting, as it shows results developed by constructive thought in the ordinary individual without sight. When I, like many others, found the faces of my loved ones obscured by blackness, frantic rebellion overpowered me. All foundations of hope, happiness, and success crumbled. Self-pity waxed fat on sympathy, and drew sustenance from my tiny intellect as a parasitic growth draws sap from a living tree.

Over a year passed before my first self-analysis shook me into a rude awakening. Despondency and morbidness were taking their toll of friendship. Loneliness was staring me in the face. Realizing this, I resolved that no longer would I try to "force" vision through darkness.

SO—I gave up my eyes. Then, and only then, came the first gleam of happiness and the first problem of reconstruction.

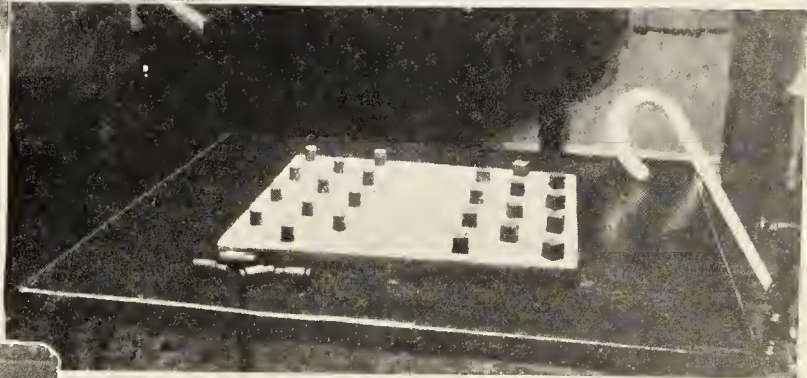
I had never attempted to use a typewriter. The salesman said he thought I could learn the touch system and be able to write in thirty days. The sympathetic words of my little six-year-old daughter still ring in my ears. "Daddy, I'll help you and if—if you can't learn, don't worry—'cause—'cause I'll write it for you, if you'll tell me how to spell the words."

I clutched her close to me; then as the tears of self-pity started, I turned hurriedly



Driving the lake hazard

Teeing off on Number 1



Mr. Floyd's peg checkerboard

Circle—Looking the lie over



laughter! Before he had made the double move, he had signaled his intention to the others. He was merely finding out how well I looked at the board.

In an actual time check on a checker game which required fifty-eight minutes to play, I consumed twenty-one minutes in my moves. This might seem like a matter of small consideration, but actually it is of tremendous importance. Since it is necessary for me to select my comrades from among individuals who have all five senses, it is necessary for me to not bore them by playing slower than they. By periodical self-analysis, I am able to check up on such details, thereby determine what degree of efficiency I have attained in the rôle of a regular guy, and at the same time formulate plans by which, in the future, I shall do other things which seemed hopeless in the dark past. Through this controlled thought and careful study, I am able to ferret out and cast aside unwholesome things, and abide by those which bring happiness and true friends, as a chance remark of one of my finest comrades attests.

RECENTLY, after we had successfully negotiated a precarious climb up the side of a mountain to take pictures at the peak, and had returned again to the level, he said: "Ab, you have shattered all my former concepts of blindness. I once thought blind people unwholesome—doomed by their handicap to tread through life face straight to the front, unaware of the good things around them. Now I see you doing wholesome things, turning your head to listen to sounds I never hear, walking confidently, head up, head down, or head turned aside, as the mood strikes you. I know you for a wholesome man, with four senses nobly doing the work of five."

and grimly to my new task. With the child's patient help, I learned the position of the keys. To the great surprise of the family and the release of new joy in myself, I cut the salesman's estimate exactly twenty-eight and one-half days by writing a perfect letter the following evening.

That night as I pillowed my head, happiness over my first small accomplishment filtered through the darkness, and I dared to look into the future.

What I saw was startling, prophetic. Today, I realize that the enactment of that visionary drama was directly responsible for my present attitude toward life. In those few minutes, future years swept by in cruel preview. I saw our son and daughter steer their friends clear of our home and seek enjoyment elsewhere, while I sat in the parlor, a victim of handicap, unable to do anything but hold my hands and wait. The wasted years passed by, and I saw them again. I had passed to the great beyond, but my children had not forgotten. They alibied tactfully, while others talked of father's life, yes!—and on the direct question were forced to apologize for me with the statement, "Father was blind!" In the dark, I fought bitterly.

Again the years slipped by in preview. I found myself in a happy home, surrounded by friends, and heard my own laughter mingle with that of my friends. I saw myself up and doing—still blind, but struggling onward to wholesome happiness and success. And I heard the pride that rang in my children's voices as they spoke of their father's life. Well, they did not have to apologize for me!

The following morning, I arose with a determination in my heart. I would seek happiness and let it erase the mark of despair from my countenance.

To my surprise, I found it. Found it in the swan
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Childhood Emergencies in Summer

By Beulah France, R. N.

LONG, glorious summer days; the call of the great outdoors; and—children. Here we have a combination that sets the stage for childhood emergencies. Few children are fortunate enough to play all summer long and meet with no accidents. We cannot expect such good luck. All that we can do is take every known precaution—and then be prepared to treat minor injuries.

But treat them we surely must, for it is all too often the seemingly insignificant accidents that have such dire results. For instance, those little cuts and scratches—how trivial they seem, and yet how dangerous they may prove to be! The tiniest cut or pin prick calls for first-aid treatment at once.

Not that we wish to make a child believe he is seriously hurt when he is not; but we do want to run no risks. Every injury should be cleansed thoroughly to prevent possible infection. Pure water and mild soap are excellent cleaning agents. If there is any dirt in the wound, it should be removed with a very soft brush.

All soap must be rinsed off well, and the injured part thoroughly dried, before a disinfectant is applied. Tincture of iodine, diluted to half strength for children, by the addition of pure grain alcohol, is an effective disinfectant. It must be allowed to dry before a bandage is applied; otherwise a blister may form.

WHEN it has dried, a bandage of sterile gauze may be wrapped about the wound; or, if the wound is very small, some liquid collodion may be applied. This will keep out air and dirt. It is well always to remember that "only a whole skin is safe." When the skin has been broken, infection may easily enter.

If the break in the skin has been caused by some object which has forced its way in, the danger is much greater. That is why even a little splinter may result in blood poisoning, if it is not quickly removed and the spot taken care of. In removing a splinter, a needle should be used, but only after it has been made sterile over an open flame. A match may be lighted and the point of the needle held over it for a few seconds. If the splinter is in so deep that the probing causes the child great pain or removal is difficult, a doctor should be consulted at once. Not only blood poisoning but also lockjaw (tetanus) may result from such an injury.

Lockjaw is caused by the entrance of a certain kind of germ into the body through a puncture wound. It is very apt to follow an injury caused by gunpowder, and that is why we hear of so many cases after the Fourth of July. Firecrackers explode, the powder enters the child's flesh, and infection ensues. It is also prevalent in the summer because children run about in bare feet. If a child steps on a rusty nail, the wound must be thoroughly cleaned, then kept open, with a wet dressing, until a doctor has attended to it. Peroxide of hydrogen, a solution of Epsom salts, or wet baking soda may be used to protect the place until medical aid has been secured.

IF A little one cuts himself with a knife or a piece of glass, there may be a great deal of bleeding. This calls for quick action and a clear head. If a parent gets very excited, it makes matters worse and wastes much valuable time. Pressure should be applied, if an artery has been severed, and a doctor should be called at once. Unclean hands should not touch the wound, but over it should be placed a piece of sterile gauze and then this should be held tightly in place by means of thumb and fingers. If there is no sterile gauze within reach, use a clean handkerchief. Unfold it quickly and put the inside, which will be the cleanest, right over the place that is bleeding.

If such an accident should occur in a place where no doctor is near, it might be necessary to apply a tourniquet. But this should be done only as a last resort, since if it is not put on in the right way and at the right place, it may give more trouble than relief. If one must be used, it should be applied between the wound and the trunk of the body, presuming that a little leg or an arm has been injured.

If a wound has been caused by a broken bone, it should be treated in exactly the same way as a wound from any other cause. But not all broken bones pierce the skin. Sometimes it is difficult to determine whether or not a bone has actually been broken. In all such instances, the wisest course to follow is one of caution; that is, realize that a bone may have been broken, and that if it has, any movement may make the condition worse. With this thought in mind, we will be very careful not to force a child to stand or sit up if he seems to be in pain. Rather, we will stretch him out flat, and disturb him as little as possible until a doctor can come and make a thorough examination.



A bandage of sterile gauze may be wrapped about the wound; or, if the wound is very small, some liquid collodion may be applied

When it is very certain that a leg or an arm has been fractured, the best thing to do is to improvise a splint and fasten it to the injured member, so that the latter will not be moved. A splint can be made from a stick, an umbrella, or a cane. If a collar bone has been broken, the child should be stretched out flat with a pillow between his shoulders. If the ribs have been crushed, a pillow case, sheet, or large towel should be snugly fastened about the little one's chest to keep the broken ends from puncturing vital organs. Of course, in the case of any broken bones, a doctor must be summoned at once.

Sometimes children fall and strike their heads on something very hard. If the result is only a bad lump, we will just apply very cold water to relieve the pain and keep the swelling down. But if the blow was so forceful that the child is unconscious, we must elevate his head and apply ice to his forehead and to the base of his brain. Unconsciousness or nausea are danger signals when they follow a fall. They indicate the need for medical supervision at once.

LOSS of consciousness may be due to causes other than falls. While children are not apt to faint, they occasionally do. It may be due to excessive heat, fatigue, a previous illness, acute indigestion, or a heart attack. After first aid has been given, the cause should be looked for and found. If a little one faints, what has happened? The blood has left the brain and settled in the internal organs. How will it be driven back to the brain? Partly by the law of gravitation. So the first thing to do is to lower the child's head. Bend him over until his head touches his knees, or

place him on his back with his feet above his head. He must also have plenty of air.

Sometimes, on hot summer nights, parents light up the yard so the children may play croquet. Little ones never should be allowed to touch electric things; but if one does, and happens to receive a shock, he may be knocked quite unconscious. In such a case, we will treat him in exactly the same way as we would if he had been nearly drowned—that is, use artificial respiration in the following way:

Stretch him out on his stomach. Lay his head so that he can breathe through his nose. Grasp his elbows and slowly, with perfectly rhythmic movements, press them against the little ribs; then stretch the arms straight out above his head. Let there be about twenty complete respirations in the course of a minute. The idea is to simulate and stimulate normal breathing. Once it has been established, it may cease again; so the child must be watched very closely for at least a half hour after artificial respirations have been stopped.

This same kind of treatment will serve to revive a child who has been overcome by carbon monoxide from an automobile, or gas from a fixture or stove—provided, of course, the condition is not discovered too late.

But what would we do if we saw a child about to drown? Knowing how to give artificial respiration will not help until the little one is safely ashore.

A GOOD swimmer will simply jump in and strike out at once for the child. He will be wise enough to avoid letting the desperate little one grasp him too tightly. He will turn on his back, pull the victim up onto his chest, and swim to shore with the sufferer in tow.

But suppose the would-be rescuer cannot swim? What should be done then? A rowboat may be commandeered, but the one rowing must be very cautious, so as not to strike the child with an oar. If no boat is at hand, a pole may be used to throw water or a rope thrown out and the little one told to grab it.

Children should learn to swim at an early age, but it is never advisable for a boy or girl to go into deep water unless someone who is a strong swimmer is within sight and sound.

Sunstroke and heat prostration may afflict a child in summer. They are not exactly the same, nor do they give the same symptoms. Sunstroke is due to too long exposure to the direct rays of a very hot sun. The child may appear dizzy and

faint. If his face is extremely red, his skin dry, and his heart beating rapidly, the sun has probably been to blame. He must be taken into the shade, undressed, and laid flat on the ground or the porch, with his head slightly raised. His little body must be sponged continuously with cold water. Cloths wrung out of cold water should be laid across his forehead and placed at the back of his neck.

HEA T prostration makes a child very pale, and his skin feels cold, clammy. He must be wrapped up in warm blankets—strange as that may seem—because the blood has left the surface of his body and he is really in a stage of shock. Warm blankets, hot-water bottles, and hot drinks will help him recover. He must *not* be given any kind of stimulant! After either a sunstroke or a heat prostration, the patient needs to be kept very quiet and away from any location which might cause a repetition of the emergency.

Sunburn must be avoided in summer. It can, and often does, cause a really serious illness. A child should be exposed to the rays of the sun very gradually as the warm weather grows warmer. But even when he has become beautifully tanned and seems immune to sunburn, it would be very risky to let him spend a day at the shore or even out in the yard with no means of protection.

Like any other burn, that caused by the sun will make the skin blister. These blisters break and may become infected if not properly cared for. A paste made of baking soda and water should be put on the blisters, and over the paste a thin cloth to keep it in place and

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The Saga of Speckled Buck

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whose sense of fitness required him to call an opponent from even a public hotel, as Joe had done with the lawyer, before perpetrating a breach of the *convenances*, certainly would not permit himself to be drawn into unseemly conduct in the sacred precincts of a church.

"Speckled Buck called on me later in my study. 'Chess,' he said, 'you've got a purty little place here. Have you read all them books?'"

"I pleaded guilty. Speck made no further comment, but his eyes roved over the bookshelves as if trying to assimilate their contents through the covers. I had been away from the range so long that I had lost the art of silent companionship, and was trying to keep up a conversation, but Speck's mind was elsewhere. He crossed his legs first one way and then the other, nervously tapping his boot heel with a pocket-knife.

"Mind if I smoke?" he finally

asked. I hastened to offer him a cigar.

"No, them's too strong for my constitution; guess I'll roll me a cigarette," and he did.

"The cigarette was half burned out when he tossed it in the ash tray, plumped both feet down on the floor, and looked me straight in the eye. 'Chess, I just wanted to tell you that the last thing I ever stoled was my little gal's mammy, an' that's been twenty year ago. I quit the Hash-knifes an' went to work for Cap'n Hardwick, saved my money, an' started a little herd of my own, an' not a damn' one of 'em was mavericked. I want you to come out to the Pecos an' stay a month with me, an' meet my wife an' daughter. They think I'm some punkins,' he added plaintively.

"Me, I never had no schoolin', but my mammy learned me to read. You remember that old song the boys used to sing around the camp—

Hold Fast to the Right? Well, one verse goes like this:

"In your satchel you'll find a Bible, my boy;
A book of all others the best;
It will teach you how to live and show you how to die,
And will lead you to the gates of the blest.

"'Chess, I'm damn' glad you're holdin' up that old Book, the same one my mammy used to read to me out of. I don't know what all these other books air, but the's just one line in the Holy Writ is wuth ever'-thing else I read. Your pa said it to me once—to do others like you want 'em to do you. It's a damn' good word, Chess."

"This was probably the longest speech Speckled Buck ever made. He unfolded his lank length and stuck out his hand. 'Adios, Chess'—and Speckled Buck was gone—back to the Pecos, where his wife and daughter think he is 'some punkins.' He had shrived his soul."

I Gave Up My Eyes

(Continued from page 16)

dive at the swimming pool; in the wisecracks of a broadcaster; in the squeak of a saddle between my knees; in the new laughter of my loved ones at home.

With the coming of happiness came the desire to be useful. And I found it again in my writing.

In those earlier attempts to wring pleasure from the sports I had enjoyed before the loss of sight, I failed in some measure to find complete satisfaction. This was due, apparently, to my failure to form new plans for a changed condition. I was still working with old methods. Eventually, I made a study of everything I attempted, firm in the resolution to find the difference between the standards of yesterday and the needs of the present. By forgetting the records of my former days, by striving for new ones with slightly altered methods attuned to the new circumstances, by the realization that the best I had was the best I could give, I attained to complete satisfaction.

THE mastery of Braille was added to my list of accomplishments. It enabled me to live again with Hawthorne, Poe, and O. Henry. It made it possible for me to mark my own cards in a special code for fast reading, and again I sat at the bridge table to trump opposing aces. I admit a limitation there. To keep from boring my companions, I choose to play games that require fewer cards to the hand, and so less time to finger-read.

How can I be so happy? By doing everything I ever did for happiness, but doing it differently. Of course, I miss my shooting, but some day I may get back to that.

Consternation prevailed in the grandstand one evening when my companion and I sat with some acquaintances at a baseball game. I believe yet it was a toss-up whether they got more sport out of watching our team in victory or out of me in my complete enjoyment.

Bats were cracking, boards were rattling, and fandom was bedlam. It was the seventh inning, with the score five to six in favor of the visitors. Two of our batters were out. The next got on base on an error.

"Come on, Sammy, you're due!"

I yelled as Hale came to the plate. Then, turning to the acquaintances, I suggested he would double. A few seconds later I heard the crack of hardwood against horsehide, and went wild with the other fans.

"How did you know it?" was yelled at me from all sides.

Of course I didn't know that he would double. What I did know was that Sammy Hale was at bat in a pinch. I knew the possibilities with him at bat, even as I knew what might happen with any man on the team at bat. The old leaguer was overdue for his periodical double.

EACH year the baseball manager presents me with a double season pass. A few games, and then I am able to know what each player is likely to do under certain circumstances, and know it as well as any fan with good eyes. Without seeing the actual play, I can tell by the different sounds on the field and the reactions of the stands what is happening, and I like it with all my heart, which is all I could like it if I had sight.

It always puts zest into my daily tasks when I am looking forward to a week-end on a good fishing stream. There again I have the edge of enjoyment over my companions. When darkness has forced them to put away their lures, I take my special equipment to the water's edge. Holders made of iron, and easily stuck in the ground, support my poles. Small sleigh bells attached to the float not only warn of some fish slipping up in the night on my blind side to nibble at my bait, but also definitely tell me when he gets ambitious.

Of course, my mighty yell of fright broke the slumber of my friends one night, when I reached out to take a catch from my hook and my unsuspecting fingers circled the slimy sides of a wriggling eel! Even that did not dampen my ardor, though it did present another problem for solution. Since then, I step on whatever I hook, then cautiously feel for fins until I know what is there—gar, water dog, turtle, or fish.

Quite often I use a tight line in deep water; but there is nothing to compare with trolling from a motor boat, taking a strike on a barbless

hook, and successfully landing a six- or seven-pounder without assistance of sight. My handicap makes it a fifty-fifty chance for both of use, and anything less would be unsportsmanlike. Sure, Mike!—my biggest one always gets away, too! If you don't believe that, you should hear the story that gained me my certificate of membership in Lowell Thomas' Tall Story Club.

By being master of mind instead of slave to self; by facing problems squarely and making conclusions sanely; by going after what is wanted instead of waiting for it to come, any handicapped person can find happiness enough to make life full and worth while.

There may be things unpleasant, of course. I, for one, if I had my "druthers," would never make a speech. Rather than get up and tell a crowd what I know of something that they know more about than I do, I prefer slinging a golf bag over my shoulder and going for the tall bunkers.

How do I play? Rotten! But I have more fun than anyone else on the course.

That old slogan, "Keep your eye on the ball," is all bunk so far as I am concerned. I don't want my fingers all bunged up! My vision would be somewhat impaired if those fingers were bruised!

I ALWAYS feel of the ball (just to make sure it is where I think it should be) before swatting it. My method of play is not so unusual.

My assistant, caddy or friend, places the club in position for the stroke. After I have felt of the ball, he holds the club rigid in position while I take my stance. He steps back, tells me the approximate distance, and leaves the rest to me. I make the swing like anyone else, and instantly, upon contact of club and ball, I know by sound and the jar of my hands whether the drive is a success or a failure—whether it was a slice, hook, pull, or top, and the probable distance I have made.

Recently we were teeing off Number Seven. One hundred yards of lake held the attention of my three companions. I knew the water must

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We have, from the start, been most careful in our selection of these youngsters. HOLLAND's values every one of its readers as a good friend; and one doesn't abuse a friendship by recommending the wrong sort of people. So we require a personal interview, unqualified recommendation, and a high reputation before any applicant is accepted. Then we subject the successful applicants to a rigorous course of the finest instruction in business and personal conduct at our command. After that comes the final test: trial in action; and if for any reason a youngster fails to measure up, we relinquish him, in fairness not only to ourselves and our reader friends, but also to the boy himself.

When a young man has survived all these tests, we believe in him and back him to the limit. We send him out to you with our unqualified endorsement. We say, "We gladly accept full responsibility for every subscription to HOLLAND's given to this young man as our representative." We don't know how to make it stronger.

In order that you may know beyond doubt when you are dealing with one of our bona fide student-salesmen, each of them carries, in a wallet stamped with HOLLAND's signature, an identification card signed by J. H. Hunter, Manager of HOLLAND's Educational Division. In addition, the order cards used by the student-salesman bear his printed photograph and name on the portion given the subscriber as a receipt; and the student-salesman must account daily for every order given him, this accounting is made to his team captain, and the team captain reports regularly to a bonded supervisor.

We want HOLLAND's readers and their friends to know these facts. HOLLAND's student-salesmen ask no favors whatever, and particularly not on the ground of their college work, but are emphatically trained and instructed to present HOLLAND's solely on its merits. They are paid a regular salary plus a bonus. They are salesmen—not beggars. And first and last they are gentlemen from the South's finest families, and worthy of the fullest trust.

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I Gave Up My Eyes

(Continued from page 46)

be a little rough, because the wind was blowing. How inviting those waves must look to a little white ball, especially if the stroke is lacking a little in confidence! I knew from the conversation and wisecracks that they were combating the mental hazard. I also knew that the longer they stood and faltered, the less chance they had of driving across. (Yes, I fear I helped them with their fears!)

The first to drive off made about eighty yards. The next fell short of that by twenty yards. The third absolutely refused to try it. The psychology of mental hazards, assisted by some judicious suggestions from me, had given them a handicap greater than mine. And their kidding was all in vain when I took my stance. A blind man must struggle, if he believes a thing is there when he wants to believe it. Let him not want to believe it, and the conclusions are foregone. My ball landed well across and rolled to within ten feet of the green.

I do not mean to leave the impression that I never drive short and fall in. Indeed, I do that quite often; but when I do, it is not the result of a mental hazard. Golf-course hazards just do not exist for me to worry about. My shots err quite as often

on the open fairway as in the rough or among barriers. After all, isn't it reasonable that I should have just as much enjoyment in a game of golf as anyone else? How often I hear some player curdle the air about him when his ball calmly seeks rest and security from further smashing by dropping from sight into some impenetrable trap! Does that player enjoy seeing his drive end so ill-fatedly? Neither would I, if I could see it; but, since that is impossible, I am spared the hurt and get only the pleasant happenings to carry away with me. If my ball is lost, I laugh. At least, I have not had the wretched experience of seeing it sail straight into the very spot I had wished to avoid. Yet when I make an exceptional shot, I get as much pleasure from the remarks of my assistant as if I had watched its course myself.

As it is in playing golf, so it is in all things I do: I put forth my very best effort and find satisfaction in the knowledge that, if it isn't good enough, it is all I can do. No one with five senses can do more.

To my great delight, I have found that the greatest happiness comes when one gives the very best from within, and asks as little as possible from without.

Corrinnean

(Continued from page 35)

the personality. And they agreed that an unselfish interest in others undoubtedly gives a measure of charm to anyone.

On another day we discussed habit. We found the subject to be wider than we had thought. The power of habit, the doing of a thing over and over, may bring good results as well as bad. Bad habit, in fact, is just a power gone wrong. We asked each other if bad habits can be broken, and found enough experience among ourselves to justify the assertion that they can be. Someone said that technique in art is just the potentiality of creating beauty realized, materialized, through habit. So it is!

There have been other interesting subjects which space forbids discussing fully. One was reading. What does reading do for us? Why do we read? To kill time? To in-

form ourselves? To lift our souls to the heights?

Another subject was participation in the arts. Does the study of music, painting, etching, acting, writing, sculpture, designing, by the ordinary person without conspicuous talent, benefit her? We decided it does.

These discussions have stimulated our thinking amazingly and proved most beneficial to us. I think these programs no less effective in enlivening the mind than the programs of our other study clubs.

Any group of young matrons can find interest and benefit in such an organization as Corrinnean. Let none forget, however, that one gets out of anything just what she puts into it, and that if one goes into such a group thinking she can follow the line of least resistance and find pleasure and profit in it, she may as well go fishing instead.

Request

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

*DEAR Lord, I do not ask for gold,
For shelter from the rain and cold,
For wool and bread, for health and skill—
Just give me strength to do Thy will.*

*Dear Lord, I do not ask for years
Untouched by grief and burning tears,
For joys that folks so rarely find—
Just give me wisdom to be kind.*

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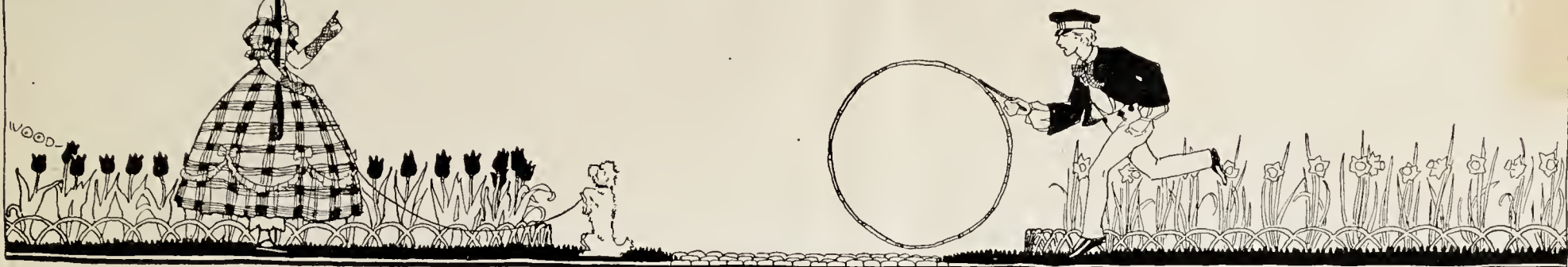
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THE LITTLE AMERICANS



Kipling, the Man of Magic

Prize-Winning Story

By Kathleen Cox

ONE day at a picnic at Rudyard Lake, in Staffordshire, Alice MacDonald met a young modeler and designer. It was love at first sight. They became engaged; he studied hard and received an appointment as director of a new art school in far-away Bombay, and they married and sailed to India. His name was John Lockwood Kipling. He became the father of Rudyard Kipling.

The Kiplings lived in a bungalow amid tall palms where gleaming parrots screamed. It was there the child Rudyard spent many happy days with his dear "dark foster mother," an Indian ayah "with classic bronze features, bejeweled nostrils, dusky velvet eyes." To her and the other servants, Kipling learned to speak more fluently than to his parents. He learned of the powerful gods Shiv and Hari. His ayah would often stroll with him to the groves where chattering monkeys played, and to the beach where the fire-worshipping Parsees, "standing in scarlet waters, bow down before their God." Among all the mysterious noises and sights of the colorful land of India, young Kipling was called sahib, or ruler.

When Rudyard was only five years old, his mother took him back to England where for seven years he lived with a relative. Then followed the five years at Westward Ho, the most memorable of all his school days. With his pen and his fists, which were frequently needed and used, he "came through the line." Westward Ho was a military school made up of boys bred to the flogging system. They were always eager to play and fight together, full of mischief and tricks, sometimes acting as if possessed with many imps. But Kipling was a very progressive student, and before he had been here very long he was made editor of the school journal.

At sixteen and a half, Rudyard ended his school days. He had to choose school or India; the mysterious and luring Orient beckoned for him to come back; and he

decided that India was the place for him. Thus he returned to the home he had not seen for twelve years.

Almost immediately upon his arrival in India, Kipling was employed by the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette, and five years later became assistant editor. As long as he worked on the paper, he sent it to press on time, regardless of obstacles. So the first lesson Kipling practiced was one learned at Westward Ho—loyalty to his newspaper and work, whatever the cost.

And it was during his service on the Gazette that he began the writing that was to bring him renown.

Ambitious for wider knowledge and greater recognition, Kipling sailed for England by way of America. No one in this country knew of the Indian writer, Kipling; he could not sell any of his stories or find work here.

In England, a somewhat similar fate awaited him; but by chance, one day, a reporter seeking a write-up found him. Rudyard Kipling then became the talk of England.

During the days of joyous first success, he met Wolcott Balestier, who became his best friend. This friendship led to Kipling's marrying Balestier's sister Caroline. With his new bride he returned to the United States and built a cottage near the Balestier estate in Vermont, where he wrote The Jungle Books, some of his Barrack-Room Ballads, and Captains Courageous.

In 1896, he left Vermont to live permanently in England. Today he still lives there, at Bateman's in Sussex. He loves his home and delights in caring for his trim garden and its pools, flagstone paths, and flowers.

Not for fame or money has he worked and lived, but for the pure joy of the day's work and for the love of England. Simple in his tastes and his code of duty, Rudyard Kipling, the poet and story-teller of the British Empire, is one of the immortals.

DEAR LITTLE AMERICANS:

Great indeed is the pleasure we feel in the assurance that so many of our young people are interested in good literature. No better proof could be asked than the contributions received, which show an intimate knowledge and appreciation of Kipling, "the Man of Magic," and his works.

Prizes go to the following:

Kathleen Cox, Minden, La.	\$5.00
Vera Gossett, Carthage, Ark.	\$1.00
Holland Self, Windom, Tex.	\$1.00
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Alice Lynn Street, Littlefield, Tex.	\$1.00

THE STARS AND STRIPES

BILLIE came into the Clubroom lustily whistling Yankee Doodle.

"Why Yankee Doodle this month, may I ask? Last month we could hear nothing but *The Road to Mandalay*," said Helen.

"Well, you see, the Glorious Fourth is just around the corner, and I feel patriotic."

"You always have some kind of a hobby," said Mildred.

"But this is not exactly a hobby. The fact is, I am always interested in people and things that have a historical background," replied Billie.

"I never cared much about *Yankee Doodle*. I thought it was just an old-fashioned tune."

"Maybe you would like it if you knew its connection with our history. George Washington was closely associated with *Yankee Doodle*."

"In what way, when, and where?" asked Charlie.

"Why, he figures in the original verses, which describe a Colonial camp at the time of the French and Indian War, and he marched to that air when it later became a great Revolutionary War song."

"Who wrote it, anyway?" asked Mildred.

"The words were written to a very popular tune, probably an old English folk dance, by Dr. Shuck-berg, a very witty English army surgeon, who, together

with the British regulars, made great fun of the raw New England soldiers. In it he satirically describes the feelings of a country boy who sees a Colonial camp for the first time."

"Did they resent it?" asked Charlie.

"I'd say they didn't. They were so taken with it, they immediately adopted it, and twenty years later marched to it during the Revolutionary War. Originally there were only four verses. Now it has as many as *The Old Chisholm Trail*—ninety-seven, I've heard."

"I thought it was just an old folk song. I used to hear my grandmother sing old folk songs she learned when she lived in England, where she was born. I know one she taught me, but I don't know where she learned it," said Bettie.

"What is it?"

"*Barbara Allen*."

"Oh, do sing it for us, Bettie!"

So Bettie folded her hands demurely, and sang in a sweet girlish voice:

"In Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry 'well-a-way';
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds then were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay,
For love o' Barb'ra Allen."

When he was dead and in his grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
'O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.
Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warnin' by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen.'"

"Is that all?" asked Billie.

"No, there's another verse, but two are enough."

"Well, I think it's beautiful, and I wish I knew some folk songs," said Mildred.

"You do, Mildred. *Santa Lucia* and *O Sole Mio* are old Neopolitan folk songs. Caruso used to sing them, and I've heard you sing them."

"Bravo, young people! I'm glad to see you exhibit an interest in music," said Miss Stacey, coming into the Clubroom.

"Oh, Miss Stacey, do tell us something about folk songs."

"Some of the folk songs date back several centuries, and some are of more modern date," Miss Stacey began. "Of course, some of them are better than others, but nearly all of them have qualities that will make them last. Before men knew how to write music, these songs were preserved by being handed down from father to son and treasured in the memory of the people. They were composed by very simple people who had never studied music, but even the great musicians like Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin greatly admired them because of this very simplicity and sincerity."

"Perhaps it would interest you to know that *The Star-Spangled Banner* was set to the tune of an old English song, *Anacreon in Heaven*, which was known all over the United States as '*Adams and Liberty*.' After *Adams and Liberty* faded out, *The Star-Spangled Banner* took its place."

"But wherever Francis Scott Key got the music for *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the flag, its stars and its stripes, are firmly fixed in the hearts of the people, and will forever hold our loyalty and allegiance."

"Dear young people, it pleases me immensely to see you interested in worth-while things—books, which open the doors to new, strange, and lovely worlds; music, that fills the soul with the harmony of the spheres; and poetry, which is the music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language."

I hope this has made you feel in a poetic as well as a patriotic mood, as the work for this month will be a poem on our flag. Write not more than five and not less than three verses, of four lines each, and call it *Your Flag and My Flag*.

YOU MUST OBSERVE THESE RULES

- 1—Write on one side of paper only.
- 2—Write your name, age, and address at the top of your paper.
- 3—Your work must be ORIGINAL.
- 4—Mail your paper in time to reach me not later than July 15.

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FLOYD, A.L.
I GAVE UP MY EYES.

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